

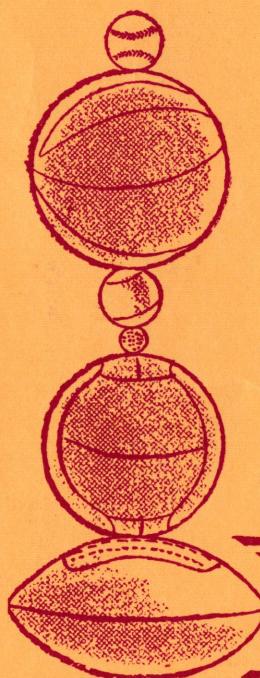


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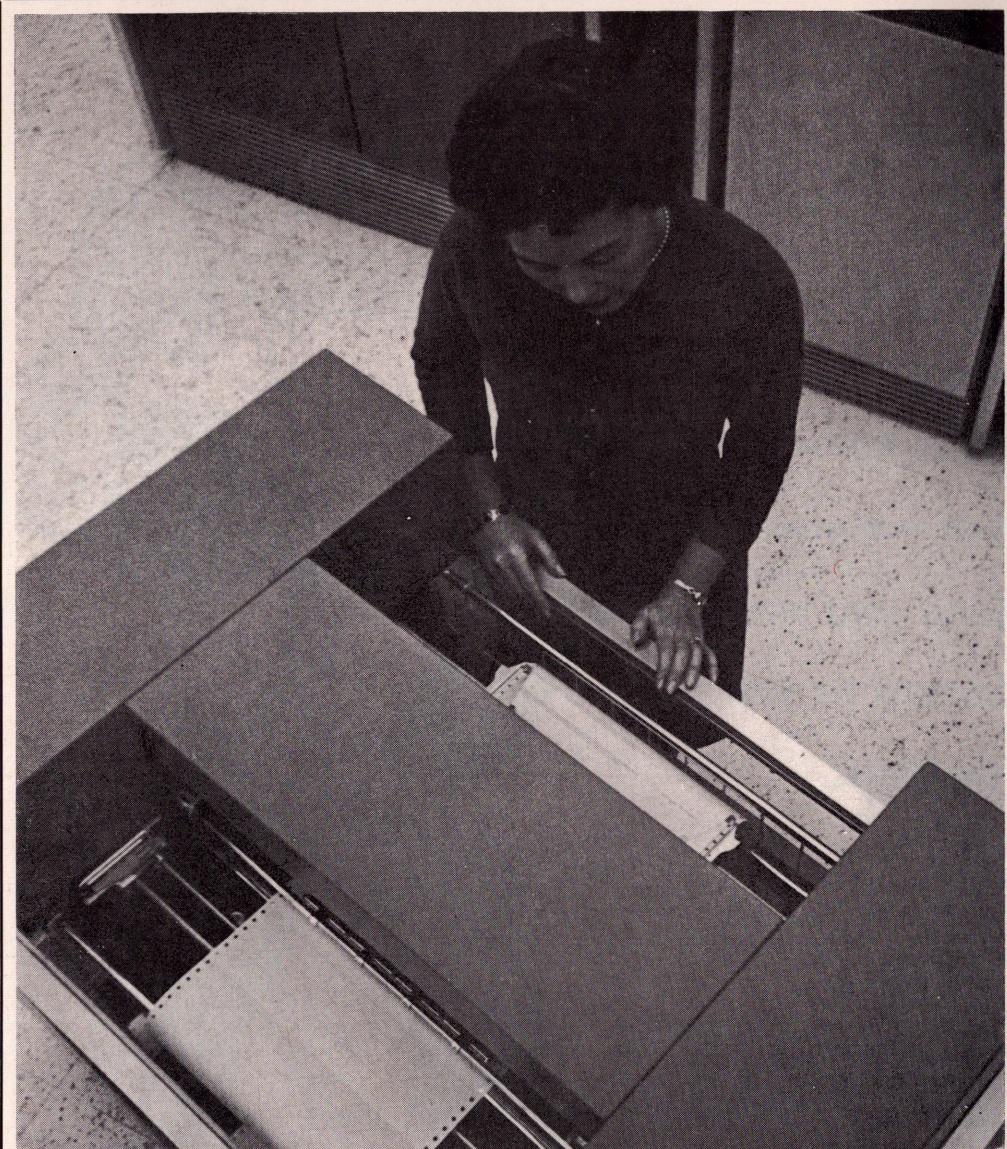


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Volume LIII
Number 2

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DECEMBER
1968



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WE KNOW TOO MUCH

THE WORLD TODAY is a world of communication. Perhaps the greatest advance in the past 100 years of fantastic technological advances, is that of our methods of communication. Ours is an instant, pushbutton world in which news is really new. We're aware of things happening around the world as they are happening. We seem obliged to react hurriedly; it all seems to be important, somehow. We feel compelled to make decisions—quickly, before events pass us by. We have to keep up.

Must we, though? Aren't we becoming more and more like the machines we are creating to keep us totally informed?

We live in a society where responses are becoming automatic; they must, to keep us in pace.

Must we keep in pace, though? And in pace with what?

To answer the second question first, we are trying to keep pace with what is happening; be it the psychedelic generation, generating ever newer, deeper and weirder music and movies and ideas to bedazzle our minds; or the latest world events always seeming to threaten that famous thermonuclear World War III.

Psychedelia, however, seems unimportant after experienced, and cold war worries are only a symptom of our increased awareness of the world. So, to answer the first question, definitely, we should keep pace with our accomplishments, but we should be concerned more with accomplishing a better understanding of ourselves.

This would help us overcome the generation gap, which pits youthful idealism against older pragmatism; make us realize that psychedelia is only entertainment for entertainment's sake, wisdom

does not arise from drugs and bright lights; and show us how to correct our misunderstandings and hypocrisy which has kept us a divided world.

Of course, the world has always been divided; man has always sought artificial wisdom, and there has always been the generation gap. In this age, though, everything is more hectic, more critical. It therefore becomes imperative that we become more compassionate, concerning ourselves with what is truly important instead of creating apathy by involving ourselves with superficialities.

It is more important to tend to the people of the earth than to the machines which we have created.

His Wisdom

Learning—the Mind expands: the Self, aimed at Perfection.

Man, then, awakens thoughts, those which ever surround him, Knowing, now, others through his own introspection—

Knowing their thoughts, their joys, and ev'ry minute sadness.

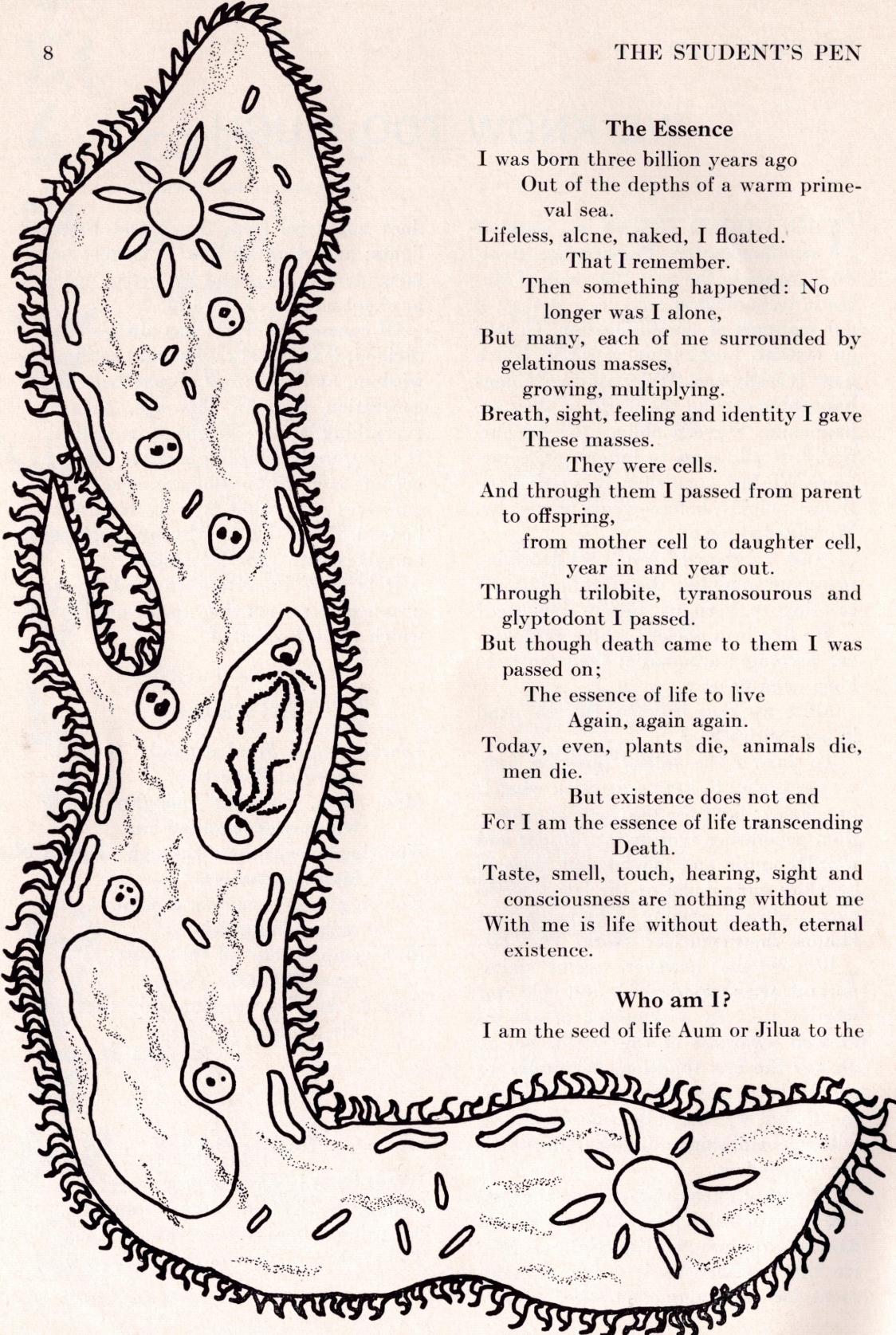
Man comprehends all that exists in the great Oneness
Once he has felt emotion only through his Wisdom.

—Elizabeth Harubin

Hostile Pictures

Winged words wrathfully wrought
Tainted truths treacherously taught
Salvation's sounds beseechingly sought
The seeds of hate pass on.

—Lisa Farrell

**The Essence**

I was born three billion years ago
Out of the depths of a warm primeval sea.
Lifeless, alcne, naked, I floated.
That I remember.
Then something happened: No longer was I alone,
But many, each of me surrounded by gelatinous masses,
growing, multiplying.
Breath, sight, feeling and identity I gave
These masses.
They were cells.
And through them I passed from parent to offspring,
from mother cell to daughter cell,
year in and year out.
Through trilobite, tyranosourous and glyptodont I passed.
But though death came to them I was passed on;
The essence of life to live
Again, again again.
Today, even, plants die, animals die, men die.
But existence does not end
For I am the essence of life transcending Death.
Taste, smell, touch, hearing, sight and consciousness are nothing without me
With me is life without death, eternal existence.

Who am I?

I am the seed of life Aum or Jilua to the

Hindu,

The soul or vital force to the Christian.
Biologists call me D.N.A.
But I am the Essence.

—Paul Decelles

Haiku

Water bathes his face,
Skies around his feet,
He weaves the lace.

—Debbie Amazon

“Winter Thoughts of You”

The snow fell silently that year—
We laughed and cried
Together.
The snow fell silently that year—
We sang and danced
Together.
We shared.
Then the spring sun shone
The rays warmed the earth
And melted us when we weren't looking.

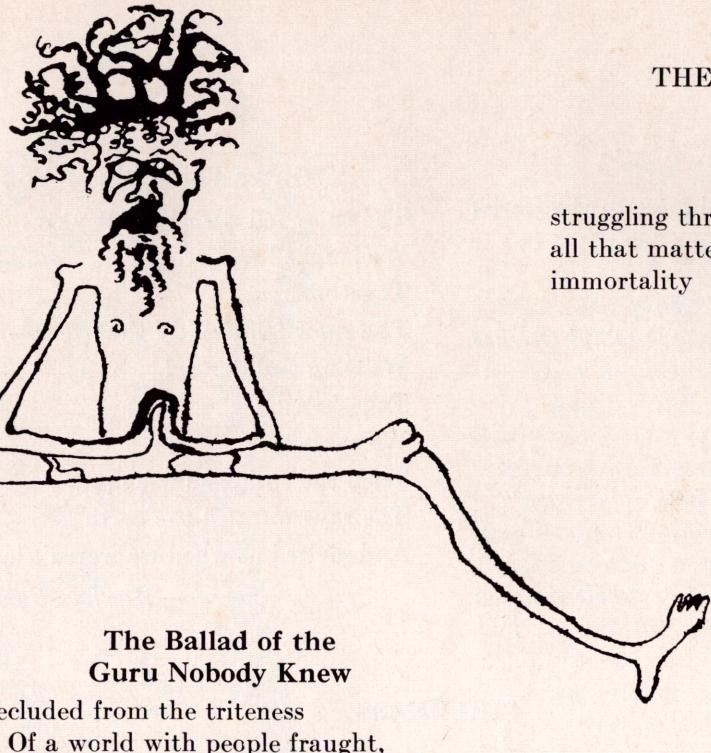
—Martha Mlynarczyk

CHILDNESS

Looking over empty years of
toyland Christmas wonders
remembering gray dawns of shivers
at morning Christmas joys
(the train that made my life complete.)
wishing they could all come back—
the summer tree-house leafy-haven
sugar cookies and rainy days of
faded gowns and gaudy beads
and icy snow-men carrot-nosed
(they melted, but the snow still stayed.)
feeling once again the
bliss of hot-day freezing brooks
minnows—fleeting that we never caught.
(we had a million years to catch them in.)
funny how the million years
melted quickly, snow-man style

(funny how the snow went, too.)
the confidence of childhood
of knowing
snow would always stay
and
treehouses would never rot
and
brooks would always reach our knees
and
days would come when minnows would
be ours.
funny how
looking over empty years at
toyland Christmas wonders
I feel it all again.
(funny, too, they're only memories now.)
wishing
in the lonely nights
we'd caught those minnows, then.
knowing now
they're gone forever,
where it is that minnows go
when child-hunters give up their quest
resigned forever to reality.

—Judy Linscott



The Ballad of the Guru Nobody Knew

Secluded from the triteness
Of a world with people fraught,
There dwelt a sacred guru
Whose thoughts were seldom sought.

He contemplated often,
He even conjured some.
But in spite of all his efforts,
No one would ever come.

So he learned to play sitar
And found it was his "thing."
He gave up meditating
And instead began to swing.

His life lost all its meaning
When success became his lot,
So he gave up sitar playing
And took up smoking pot.

From this he took to LSD,
It was a one-way track.
He tripped just once too often
And never made it back.

So my discontented friends
Though you may dream of fame,
Be happy just the way you are,
And remember what's-his-name.

—Sue Hardesty

Haiku

struggling through life
all that matters to me is
immortality

—Joy Quillard

Ellen Metropole

Black and White

Black and White
Looking different as day and night
People just staring
No one really caring
How two people feel
Just can't be real
Shaking a head—wagging a tongue
Talking just of rebellious young
Thinking disgrace
And harboring race
What of the family?
What of society?
Can't they act right?
And all because of Black and White.

—Jean Johnson

Winter

Leafless trees await . . .
As for Satan's arrival.
The white devil comes.

—Russell Potak

FINAL CONFRONTATION

MR. CARTER was a patient man. Knocking the first time, he had stood for nearly a minute and a half trying to decide if he should knock again or if he would make the owner of the venerable brick dwelling feel hurried. Then he heard footsteps on the other side of the beautifully carved door. The handle turned and the huge door swung slowly away to the groans of ancient hinges. Looking in, Mr. Carter saw a dark-skinned boy about ten or eleven years old with slick, black hair.

"Are you Mohandus?" Mr. Carter smiled as he stepped inside. He loved children.

"No, sir. He will be here shortly." The boy pushed the heavy door shut and disappeared behind a purple curtain.

Mr. Carter inspected the furnishings of the waiting room. At one corner stood an odd metal container carrying a flame at its head which, he discovered, was responsible for the disagreeably sweet odors that permeated the room. He walked as far away as possible from the smelly thing and sat in a dark green, early American chair, much like the others in the room. Near him stood an antique lamp which emitted a gloomy, almost mouldy, light. The wall was papered in red and black and decorated with unusual carvings which he presumed to be from India, Mohandus' homeland. Mr. Carter was looking at these when his host entered through the purple curtains.

Mohandus was not a tall man. He had dark skin like the boy, but his skin was tighter and made his high cheekbones all the more prominent. He had a thin pencil-line mustache above his equally thin lips. He wore a red silk turban and a black silk robe with a red belt.

"Mr. Carter?"

Mr. Carter stood. "Yes, and you must be Mohandus."

"At your service," Mohandus bowed deeply and sat down near the smelly thing. "And now," Mohandus began as Mr. Carter sat, "let us get down to business. You said on the phone that you wanted to speak with your wife, is that not so?"

"That is correct."

"And how long has she been deceased?"

"About three months."

"I trust it was a happy marriage. We wouldn't want to bring together two people who weren't happy together, of course." Mohandus smiled at his little joke. Mr. Carter smiled in return, but not at the joke.

"Well," Mohandus went on, not waiting for an answer, "I am afraid I cannot guarantee success, Mr. Carter, due to the unusual circumstances. I have never done a private seance before and, to my knowledge, no one else has, either. Have you ever attended a seance, Mr. Carter?"

"No, I haven't."

"A regular seance consists of several people who are acquainted with the spirit they intend to contact who sit around a table with a medium, who would be me. These people join their hands and the medium goes into a trance, sometimes with the aid of a hypnotist, and his control takes over. The control, himself, is a spirit. Mine is Aleksei, a Russian serf who died in 1589. The control takes over the speech organs of the medium, but can control nothing else. The voice is, of course, the medium's, not the control's. The control is given by one of the guests whatever information he asks about the

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spirit and then goes to find him. This takes less time when the seance is held in the place where the deceased lived at the time of death, but it does not take too long even at a long distance. Spirits are fast travellers. Finally, the spirit, himself, takes over, again only the speech organs, and he speaks with the guests from within the medium's body. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so. I assume the medium gets some sort of added power from the people around the table."

"Yes, the more people, the greater the power and the easier the transitions."

"I see. And that, then, is where we will have trouble?"

"Correct. Nevertheless, it is worth a try, at least." Mohandus paused. "One more thing, Mr. Carter," he hesitated, "there is, of course a fee for all of this, and that fee is \$600."

"That's all right. It will be worth it just to speak with my beloved wife again."

"Which brings up still another problem, Mr. Carter. It is possible to go into a trance and still not achieve transition. Since this will be a private seance, I will have no way of knowing whether it is successful or not. Therefore, I must ask you to pay the fee in either case."

"Very well," Mr. Carter replied and began to make out a check.

Together with the boy, they went into the room behind the purple curtains and made everything ready for the seance. The large table that was normally used was moved to the wall and a small table was put in its place. The curtains were drawn and the two men sat at opposite sides of the table.

"Now," Mohandus began, "I will go into a trance. If transition takes place, it will probably look as if I am in great pain. Please do not try to stop it or wake

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me. When I calm down again, Aleksei will have taken control, but he will not speak until you call him. Beyond that I cannot help you. Now, you must grasp my hands." Then he turned to the boy. "You may go now."

The boy switched off the lights and left through the purple curtain. The only light in the room came from the eerie moonlight that fell through the curtains. In this light, Mr. Carter saw that Mohandus' eyes were closed. There was utter silence. Mohandus barely breathed. Mr. Carter could hear the blood rushing through the veins in his ears. After what had seemed an age, he bent to look at his watch. Fifteen minutes had passed. He thought that perhaps the transition had been made quietly and Aleksei was waiting to be called. Nervously he whispered, "Aleksei?" Mohandus' lips slowly formed a thin circle and Mr. Carter was just able to pick up a barely audible "No."

Mr. Carter sat back depressed. He had to make contact. It had to work. He had waited nearly all his married life to say to her what he hoped to say now. He couldn't do it with other people watching. He had to do it and he had to do it alone.

Suddenly Mohandus' face distorted. He was wincing! It was happening! Aleksei was coming in! Mohandus threw back his head and gagged in his throat. He gripped Mr. Carter's hand tightly. Mr. Carter gripped tighter in return as if it would somehow save Mohandus' life. Mohandus shook his head and tried to scream but gagged again. He clenched his teeth and groaned. He shook his head and let out a half scream and gagged again. Then suddenly he stopped, his grip relaxed, and he was calm again.

Mr. Carter sat up. This was it. "Uh . . . A-Aleksei?"

"I am here," he answered.

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"Um . . . uh, my name is, uh, Arnold Carter," He didn't quite know how to talk to a spirit.

"And mine is Aleksei Gimazetdinovitch Ryshkov."

"I am pleased to meet you." There was no response. "Uh, I'm trying to contact my wife, Martha. She is, uh, dead, and uh . . ."

"Where was her home?"

Mr. Carter was a little reluctant to give the address for fear that Aleksei would come at night and haunt him. But, speaking to his wife meant too much to him for him to back down now and he gave it. But, there was no answer from Aleksei. "Aleksei?" Still nothing. He had gone to find Arnold Carter's wife. It was actually going to happen. He tensed a little at the thought.

Suddenly Mohandus seemed to jump. "Arnold? Arnold, is that you? Arnold, it's me, Martha!"

"Martha?"

"Why, Arnold! How thoughtful of you to get in touch with me like this! I really didn't expect it of you. I didn't think you cared so. You were always so far away. Actually, there are times when I wish you were here, too. There are so many interesting people to talk to here. They would have such a helpful effect on you and, believe me, you need help! The last owner of our house was a psychiatrist and, believe me, could he ever help you. You're so withdrawn, Arnold. Oh, his wife was a painter, or would it be painteress? Oh, I don't know, but anyway, Arnold, she described some of her paintings to me and they must really have been beautiful! Unfortunately, they were all—"

"Martha . . ."

"Arnold! You interrupted me! When are you going to get over that dreadful habit of interrupting people? It's simply

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disgraceful! You're such a tactless one, Arnold! I was always so ashamed whenever I was with you. Honestly, I can just imagine what you are like now. Well, as I was saying, all her paintings were destroyed in a fire down at the place where they were on display and that's why she died! Oh, I just know you don't understand! You're so stupid! What I mean is that she spent most of her life on those paintings and when she heard that they were all destroyed she got so depressed that she just couldn't go on and she just died. Can you imagine what it would be like to work all your life on something and then watch it go up in smoke? I bet you can't! You're so—"

"Martha . . ."

"Arnold! There you go again! What's wrong with you? Now I know what it's like to have a life's work destroyed! I spent all my life trying to make a better man out of you and now, after only three months, it's all been undone! You've interrupted me twice already and I've hardly said anything yet!"

"True . . ."

"Arnold! That's three times now! And you're mumbling, too! Don't you know it's impolite to mumble? If I've told you once I've told you a million times, 'Arnold, it's impolite to mumble!' How many times do I have to tell you that, Arnold? Oh, Arnold you're so—"

"MARTHA, I HATE YOU!"

Mr. Carter was overcome with joy. He had waited nearly all of his married life to say that, and now he had. At the same time he had fulfilled another of his life's ambitions. He had left Martha speechless. He smiled one of the widest smiles he had ever smiled as he watched Mohandus' face, which he envisioned as Martha's. Mohandus just sat there with a dazed look on his face (even though his eyes were still closed) and his jaw fell.

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Mr. Carter let out a light giggle and bounced lightly up and down in his chair.

Martha regained her senses. "Arnold, you don't know what you're saying. What reason do you have to hate me?"

"Because you're big, fat, ugly, . . ."

"Oh!"

". . . loudmouthed, talkative, pushy, . . ."

"Oh!"

". . . hypocritical, overbearing, domineering, —"

"Oh, Arnold! I never knew you had such a horrid streak in you! And after I've been like a mother to you! Would you talk like that to your mother?"

"My mother was not big, fat, ugly, loud—"

"Oh, Arnold! I feel defiled just to know I was actually married to you. Oh, what would my mother say now?"

"She'd probably just moan and yell a lot like elephants usually do, hee-hee!" Arnold was pleased with that one.

"Arnold, stop that! And after I've given the best years of my life to you! Where do you think you'd be now if it wasn't for me?"

"President of the bank, I suspect."

"Nonsense! If it wasn't for me, you'd be back in kindergarten. Just look how

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much you've regressed in just three months."

"Martha, you have greatly overestimated your own worth."

"You'll pay for this, Arnold. You'll have to die sometime and when you do, I'll be waiting!"

"Until then, I'll be about the gayest man in the world."

"All that I've done for you and this is the thanks I get. Oh, boy! If I was still alive, I'd show you who's boss, right now!"

"But you're dead now, Martha." Arnold's mood changed completely. He was no longer smiling. Now, he was intently serious.

"Yes, you'll pay, Arnold. You'll pay, you miserable, cowardly, two-faced. . ."

"But, you're dead now, Martha!"

". . . thankless, despicable, hateful, loathsome, horrid . . ."

"But you're DEAD now, Martha!"

"YOU'RE dead now, Arnold!"

Arnold froze. The voice did not come from Mohandus that time, it came from behind Arnold himself. He turned to see his wife standing in front of the purple curtain, an unearthly glow enveloping her. She was holding the most evil-looking rolling pin that poor Arnold Carter had ever seen in his whole life.

—Wayne Shepard

NOT THE FIRST, NOR THE LAST



AND ON THE second day, after his calling by the voice, the boy left his sheltered shack and headed toward the sun, following its rays into darkness of the forest until the night came unheralded and he was forced to stop. He slept through the night and when the cool frost of morning chilled his tender skin, he awoke to find the spirit of the wood gayly changing the course of a stream not far away, back and forth as to suit his fancy. The boy shook off the sands of sleep and walked toward the stream to prepare for the coming day. Here, the spirit spoke to him, and told him of days to come.

"You have answered the call of the master and now I shall give you character," sang the spirit. "Today you will truly awaken and I shall reveal some of your fate. The road that you now travel will split many times but only one combination will lead you to its end. You will be alone but not the first, nor the last will befit you. Farewell, and bear memory of this day."

Then the boy awoke and realized his destiny and name. As he washed in the stream, ignorance left him and knowledge entered the space, directed by the now faraway spirit. But the wood is dark even in day, so he wasted no time in beginning his journey.

For days he walked and his newly-gained reason listened to the cries of unfamiliar birds, absorbed the sweet smell of the streams, and peered into the regions of the forest which seemed dark and impenetrable. Finally, after losing the rays of the sun once more, he lay down to sleep in the soft mats of needles, placed there by the spirit of the wood over his dominion.

He was listening to the soft rustling of the leaves when the elves appeared to him, dancing beside his fire, singing songs of travelers, and of times, of places and of paths of which he had no knowledge.

"Rest," he cried, "Use my fire for warmth and tell me of my destiny as the spirit of the wood did on my arrival."

"Rest, he says," laughed the elves,

"And who are you, brave soul, to give us orders? For we are neither cold nor hot, tired nor refreshed, here nor there, that you should beseech of us, things which we have no intention of doing."

"Excuse my impertinence," he begged, realizing the ridiculous nature of elves, and not wishing to offend them before they revealed the purpose of their coming. "I am only a young and weary traveler looking for the end of the path, hoping there to find the beginning of all things."

"And so we shall help you," they said, "the burden of the wood is too great. We shall give you happiness and hope and tell you of days to come. You will meet dangers and obstacles and paths which will give you knowledge but the choice of paths is yours. Use the character bestowed upon you by the spirit of the wood and realize the darkness and you shall find light. The voice is not far but the roads are long save one, and its owner has little time to spare you."

The boy awoke the next day and looking to the sun, he saw the rays point out the path on which he was soon traveling. He was glad that the elves had come, because they had given him warning so that he might be able to reach the end.

He walked on, gazing into the forest, looking ahead, never behind, because he knew that the wood had already closed in behind him, and he could not go back to where he had begun. He noticed that it was getting lighter in the forest but the birds sang softly and he could hear roaring in the distance. The sound of a waterfall or perhaps the spirit of the wood, constructing new paths or building new horizons.

Darkness was falling and he was getting weary, seeing shapes, and shapeless things as though he was looking at his mind and realizing the vast abyss that

destiny could only fill. He turned and there in the distance he saw an ogre coming toward him, and being ignorant of the nature of ogres he prepared to greet it as a friend, not foe.

"The stars bless your adventures, brave ogre," he said in a most polite manner. "Surely you have lost your way to be traveling on my path with darkness falling."

Looking down from his head 60 feet high, the ogre roared to the boy, "Who addressed me in a manner befitting only to elves."

"It is I, son of the sun, looking for the end in hopes of finding the beginning," he replied. But it was no use trying to converse with an ogre, for as soon as he had started, the ogre picked him up and started squeezing him to death. He felt the breath of life pour out from him when suddenly he remembered the words of the elves, and using the character bestowed upon him by the spirit of the wood, he turned the ogre into a tree of the forest, his head tall stop the others. He climbed to the ogre's head and scaling the terrible countenance, gazed out over the wood and saw his goal in the distance on a rise in the land. He saw, too, the many paths which he would encounter and prepared for them with the hope given to him by the elves.

He traveled on for many days, and with each day he saw more light and knowledge become an action rather than a possession. He passed the days of the lake, the sands of things faraway and crossed deserted the paths of other travelers. He was scared by the sound of the night, but knew that he would be safe if his goal was his only concern, and his time well used. He met no more ogres, for they feared his character and knew well his power.

One day as he walked through a great

oak forest, shuffling along the leaves that had fallen long before, he came upon four paths. This was the bottom of the hill he had seen, for the earth started upward and looking back over the tree tops, he saw the head of the ogre protruding above all else. Yes, he was indeed in a most precarious situation, he had travelled the valley which lay at the foot of the ogre, but now he had reached the hill and knew no means of choosing the path on which he was destined to go. He sat down and pondered and soon fell into a deep sleep, for the day had been long and his feet had tramped more ground than was fitting for them.

He dreamed that night of the spirit of the wood and the elves and the ogre. But it was not until morning that he found his answer. The crisp air brought back memories of the spirit and he remembered that neither the first nor last would befit him so that now he had only two paths from which to choose. Looking toward the sun for guidance, he found nothing and he saw that the decision was his alone.

And so he started up one of the hillside paths. He looked down at his hands, and he saw that they were no longer as tender as a boy's but were rough and worn. He climbed and climbed but he was afraid. Now that he was close, he feared he would never reach the end.

He climbed on, and for what seemed an eternity he followed his path into the unknown. Finally he reached the top, and in an ecstasy of joy, turned to see the valley of his journey behind him, but the vision disappeared and he walked on. He was at the end of the path and found that the voice was only an idea, a calling from within his own heart, a goal to aim for, not a prize to be had for the asking. He saw too, that the master had inspired the voice to call him, and had

sent the spirit of the wood to direct him. Thus, he had found the end only to disembark again from the beginning, having found his answers and having realized his true nature.

—Paul Massimiano

Unless They, Themselves Know . . .

Blind as I am from my creation,
describe to me red, green and blue.
What are light and darkness to me,
I who have known them not,
Nor know what sight is?

But if I were deaf instead of blind,
would I—would I know what sound
was,
the sound of wind and breath,
the sound of warm spring rain?
The sounds of life to me
would be nothing,
I who know not sound.

From Birth suppose my nose, instead,
as well as my tongue,
were unable to taste and smell?
Describe the taste of steak to me.

Impossible, I have no taste,
no smell to compare.

If my skin, like a cold,
senseless blanket lay,
numb to heat, cold and touch,
what is the warmth of a loving hand,
the feel of silk?
I Feel not.

The feel of silk, taste of onion,
sounds of life, the color red,
cannot be described unless they,
the learners know them already.

How impossible, therefore,
to describe, to teach
love, death, war, the meaning of life,
unless they, themselves, know.

—Paul Decelles

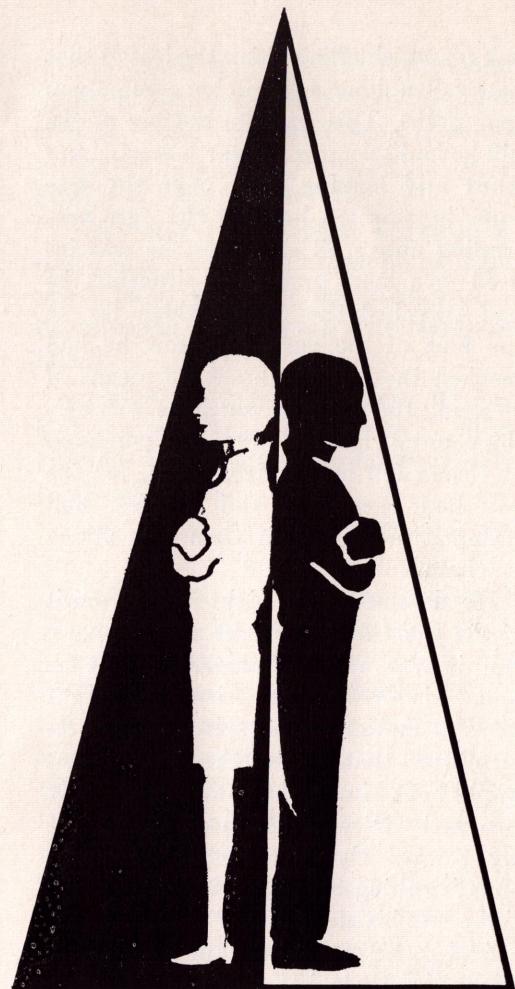
THE LIGHT BULB

BZZZZZZZZ—the circular fluorescent light bulb winked in sharp flashes, then pfffft—ff—it blinked out. The dead bulb went unnoticed in its yellow frame on the kitchen ceiling for almost an hour.

Sylvia Porterson, wife of Harry, successful and well-known stockbroker, slowly walked into the kitchen with the *Reader's Digest* in one hand an empty cup and saucer in another. As she quietly approached the kitchen sink, she contemplated the article in the *Digest* concerning the Pope's recent stand on birth control. She thought to herself, "Well it's a good thing—that's for sure. I mean, we just have to have order in society. Isn't that right? Doesn't someone have to start somewhere? Yes, it's a darned good thing. I'm really lucky to have someone like Harry who understands all this."

Harry—oh yes—Harry. He was a little late for dinner tonight, but he probably had a lot of work to catch up on at the office. Sure. Harry is a busy man, you know. And successful—my yes. You have to expect little things like working overtime. Life isn't all wine and roses—there's plenty of hard work. Like they say, if you work hard in this life it'll pay off in this life or the next. How can you lose?

But for some reason, Sylvia felt she was losing. She didn't quite know what she was losing. Losing Harry? Nonsense. She had been happily married for twenty-five years now, had two lovely children—a son at Yale and a daughter at Radcliffe—and a beautiful new home. What more could you ask for? That certainly wasn't losing. She truly loved Harry, so she wasn't missing love. And her children attended, supposedly, the best colleges. That was important, wasn't it? Then what, what was this



Florence Rood

empty, piercing feeling Sylvia was experiencing?

Sylvia placed the cup and saucer in the sink and a salty tear rolled down her cheek. She suddenly glanced over her shoulder and stared at the dining room table set for two. She hadn't eaten because Harry didn't come home. The dainty antique candleholders and the lemon colored candles were quite picturesque, she thought. Oh, but why did she think that? Why did she admit the guilt within her about the candles? She knew it was just a plan, just a show, to create an atmosphere that Harry would

like so Harry would be like he used to be. They hadn't talked in so long—tonight would be the night. She was going to tell Harry how she felt—empty. But Harry—Harry didn't come home.

She put the *Reader's Digest* on the counter top and thoughtfully walked over to the table. She began to cry and now sobbed, "Oh Harry! It would have been so much better if you had come home tonight. Then it would be all better or someth—" At that instant she sensed the darkness enveloping her, and in fear she rushed to flick the kitchen light on. It didn't work. It must have burned out. Desperately she ran to the light switch over the kitchen sink. There, with the light on she could gain control. After all, control is the key. Instead, she trembled and shuddered from head to toe, "This is ridiculous," she thought, "what's wrong with me? Whatever this evil force is, it can't get me. No! What have you done to me? I'm Sylvia Porterson and I'm married to Harry! And I have a son at Yale and a daughter at Radcliffe! And, and I'm president of the Manhattan Woman's Club! Doesn't that make a whole hell of a difference?" Oh, oh, what did she say. She wondered if she used the right word. "Why no one or anything is going to hurt Sylvia Porterson"

"Sylvia Porterson. Yes," she thought, "that's who I am, or that's who I am sometimes." But who was Sylvia Porterson? The woman who married Harry Porterson and had a daughter at Radcliffe and a son at Yale? She swallowed, almost gulping, to perhaps portray her disbelief. Harry just better come home quick. After all, Harry belonged to Sylvia and after all, in a way, Harry was Sylvia. Why shouldn't he be there? Men, they really are stupid, aren't they? With this thought she laughed. And laughed some more.

She stood in front of the kitchen sink for quite a while. Well, it's time to clean up the kitchen, dinner time is over. Sylvia carefully put each dish in the sink, and she took out a new bottle of Joy. Just like old times, yes sir, washing dishes right on schedule. That's the way it has to be, you know. Life isn't all wine and roses, there's a lot of hard work. As she rinsed her saucer, jumping thoughts hopped through her mind. Soon Harry would be home and things would be all right. As least they would seem all right. That's all that counted anyway, as long as they seemed all right. Yes, Harry should be getting home soon. In fact, why not call him at his office? There was going to be a special on TV tonight she'd like him to see. And, well, it was just one of those nights she wanted him there. Harry would understand. Women are funny sometimes, they just want their man there and tonight, yes, just tonight, Sylvia would like him there. Thank God Harry understood those kinds of things!

"LA la la ti tummm," Sylvia hummed as she strolled over to the phone. She dialed Harry's work number but there was no answer. Oh, well, he's probably on his way home right now, no doubt about it. Harry knew. He knows where he belongs! Having dried the dishes, Sylvia sighed and decided to change her dress to a relaxing hostess gown that her daughter gave her for Christmas. It was supposed to be the thing this year; anybody could wear one. She felt much better now, and, oh, she looked 100% better, too. Only if she could bury that empty feeling. No need to worry, though, Harry would be home soon and she could tell him all about it. That's when she heard the knock.

"Coming, Harry," she chanted, "I'll be right there." She gracefully walked toward the front door and sighed. "Here you are Harry, home at last—", she

opened the door, "Harry? Harry, where did you go? Aren't you there, Harry? HARRY!?" Sylvia slammed the door and locked it. NO! That evil whatever it was, wasn't going to get her. She nervously glanced around her and didn't know what to do next. Then she heard it. The clicking sound.

"Sylvia? Syl? Are you here? Where are you?" exclaimed Harry from the kitchen. "Hey, Syl," he said as he walked into the living room where she was comfortably resting on an Oriental chair, "What's new?" Sylvia stared at him.

"New?" she said, "What's new?"

"Yeah! Hey, I don't get it, what's the matter? You look like you've just had a good scare."

"I thought I heard you at the front door, Harry. Guess it wasn't you at all, was it?"

"No, I came in the back. Why, did you answer the front door?"

"Yes, I thought I heard you knock," she replied slowly and icily.

"Syl, you've been working too hard on your club's dinner. Really, Syl, if I hadn't known you better I'd think you were one of those crazy kids whc, ha, ha, open the door to themselves."

"But, Harry, I did hear someone knock, or, or was it like you said? Oh, Harry! it's been an awful night. I keep thinking about all these things, like truth, and separateness, and I get so scared. I even cried. I've felt so empty lately, Harry. Really. It's so strange. I've been wanting to tell you for so long now. It just cries out of me, why! What is this all about! And it makes me feel so alone. Harry, can you possibly understand what I'm trying to say? I know it sounds crazy but it isn't. It's something I really feel." She broke into sobs of tears and Harry rushed to her side.

"Oh no, Syl, you've just been working too hard on your Club's dinner. That's

all. After all, you went to college. You really don't think about all those things, do you? Existence. Bah! We're here because we're here! And Syl, we couldn't ask for more! 'cept maybe a little raise! Right?"

"No, Harry. Please, try to understand this. I've been thinking about separateness a lot. You know, without you I don't know what or who I might have been. I can't depend on you any longer. Can't you see that? I mean, sure, I went to college but I'm not quite sure how it worked out for me. You know?"

"Yes, Syl, I know. I know that you've been working too hard on your Club dinner. And I think you should take a few days rest from it. Why, Syl, just think of all the good times we've had being happy that we had good kids. Remember how long we worked to get them to be good kids? Sure, Syl. Don't you feel better?"

"Harry, haven't you been listening to me at all?" she softly whispered.

"Yes, Syl. It certainly doesn't make any sense, now, does it? I understand, though, I always try to understand, don't I?"

Sylvia sighed, "Yes, you do. But this time . . . no . . . I jus—" She stared at him in disbelief. It was all very clear to her now. He didn't even know her deepest fears. He wasn't even *able* to know her. "Harry, would you get me a glass of water? I'd just like some water."

"Sure, Syl. Be right back." Harry walked into the kitchen and flicked the light on. It didn't work. "Hey, Syl? When you get a chance, fix the light, will you? We can't walk around in the darkness forever you know! We shouldn't have to."

"Oh, yes, Harry, the light. Why don't you fix it? Don't you know more about those things?" she asked hopefully.

"Oh, no. I haven't got the time. I

really don't know how to fix it at all. I never was very interested in that sort of thing—I'm a stock broker, remember?"

"Oh, all right. I'll fix it. There isn't anyone else to fix it, is there. No, I guess there isn't. We can't go around in the darkness forever."

Harry walked into the living room with the water, handed the glass to Sylvia, and put his arm around her. She stared frightfully at his arm. Why was he doing that? Oh, oh it would be so hard now without anyone to tell. She trembled and let the glass drop on the floor. "There, I'm done. I think I'll go to sleep now, Harry. I'm really tired, like you say. Yes, Harry, if that's what you think, then that's what I am." She scowled at him.

"Sure, Syl. That's all. You're just over tired from the Club dinner. Tomorrow you'll feel much better, I'm sure. You'll be as good as new, I'm sure!"

Before she stepped into the bedroom she turned back, stared at Harry, and thoughtfully replied, "Yes, I'll be as good as new." It was too bad that Harry didn't understand, she thought. His new was old already. Harry then helped Sylvia into bed. Sylvia didn't sleep that night or many after that, for in the darkness, who would care? She hoped she could find another light bulb for the light, though. We shouldn't walk around in the dark forever.

—Martha Mlynarczyk

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Retail Sales

Is there any junior or senior girl interested in a Christmas job?

Since 1943 there has been a pre-Christmas training course; now taught by Miss Nugent in late October or early November. It consists of a five-day course, two hours a day. There are so many girls interested in the course that Miss Nugent has had to have two shifts according to last names; the first, A through L, and the second, M through Z.

Basically, the course consists of techniques in selling, the store system, how

to make change and work the cash register, along with other helpful suggestions.

The sole purpose of this worthwhile course is to get the girls acquainted with the business world so that they would find the jobs a bit easier to understand. At the end of the course, the girls receive certificates and usually find a Christmas job with the help of Miss Nugent. This year 95 girls participated and loved it. To all you other girls—there's always next year. Don't miss it!

—Barbara Huban



REFUSE THE REFUSE

(This is a segment from the new book *Trash on Trash: Garbage and the American Society*, \$10.95 at local bookstores. Mr. Levinson, the author, is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on garbage and can often be heard expounding his knowledge in the classrooms of Pittsfield High School.)

ONE OF THE founding fathers of this nation stated that only two things are inevitable—taxes and death (in that order). Unfortunately, inevitability is not limited to these two concepts; there is something more certain than taxes or death—garbage.

Kitchen garbage is unique in that it possesses a quality foreign to all other members of the species. Regardless of time or temperature, kitchen garbage must be emptied immediately. The reason for this axiom is that no mother on earth can stand the sight of a teen-age boy doing nothing, so she always has a pile of garbage on hand for her sonny to empty. Many women use an exceptional aid from the neighborhood supermarket—dehydrated garbage; add water and a little love and presto! Three gallons of disposable garbage. Many is the time that a tired young man has entered the house after a long day to find his mother slaving over a sink mixing up a fresh batch of garbage and using his electric guitar as a stirring stick.

Garbage emptying is a ritual that takes many long years of diligent practice to perfect. Thumbing through the garbage, one young man discovered fourteen cans of assorted animal vittles.

"Ma! What's this stuff?"

"They're cans from assorted animal vittles."

"What are they doing here? We don't even have a dog!"

"I had an ape over for lunch who was a connoisseur. How should I know how they got there? Don't play with the garbage, just empty it. It's people like you

who started the war in Vietnam!"

Very few American women can plan the week well enough to always have a sufficient supply of garbage on hand. Many mothers have supplementary rubbish sent in from Chicago (which is said to be 100% pure trash), although there is a bill in Congress to ban mail order garbage sales. In addition, many of the variety stores sell large quantities of garbage on Sunday to women who have run out over the weekend. But most mothers don't like store-bought garbage, which is expensive, lacks character, and is highly impersonal; consequently, they borrow from their neighbors.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hossenfuss, could I please borrow a cup of garbage?"

"What are you, some kind of a nut?"

"No, I'm collecting it for my son."

"He collects garbage? That's very nice! I'd like to see his album some day. I don't know if I have anything to add to his collection, although last week I had the wrappings from three pounds of pickled pig's knuckles. Believe me, if I come across anything good I'll be sure to set it aside."

"NO, no! He doesn't collect it, he empties it. I don't want him sitting around all day like a bum. He should do something constructive, but I've run out of rubbish. Besides, it's tax deductible."

So, as she heads off into the sunset, dragging her half-full U-Haul trailer, a strange, contented smile crosses her face, for she knows that her boy won't be off slashing tires or playing in traffic—he'll be home all day, emptying the garbage.

—Richard Levinson



WRITING AS A FORM

WRITING IS THE common denominator of all advanced civilizations. Since you belong to a supposedly advanced civilization and since writing is that inescapable method of communication that is now presenting itself in black and white for your judgment, you really should be so kind as to pay attention while it defends its importance and presents its history.

The vanity or practicality of that man who thought his ideas were too important to be subject to the limitations of speech in time and space gave birth to writing. Through writing, substance was given to his thought and the spoken word was made visible and even tangible. Now his ideas could be perpetuated and could confront the eyes of the future. A bad memory, the curse of every merchant and storyteller, could fall back on a series of markings or carvings that amazingly had meaning.

In truth, the early forms of writing were hardly anything more than a series of markings that had evolved from art. Picture-writing was in vogue or, to be more exact, it was the necessary first step toward effective communication through writing. The principle found in having a picture of a man represent an actual man or in having wavy horizontal lines represent water was common to all early writings from cuneiform and Egyptian hieroglyphics to the calligraphy of the Orient.

Later, the pictographs, pictures used as writing, came to be used symbolically; an idea was represented instead of an object. A pictograph of a fox could stand for cunning or a pictograph that was a sceptre could represent the concept of power. In China, the idea of morning was shown by a pictograph of the sun

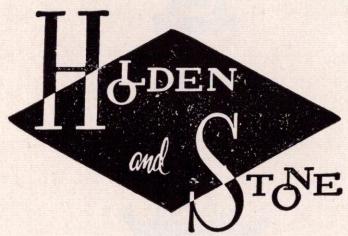
OF COMMUNICATION

peeping above the horizon. But some pictographs had a more obscure symbolic meaning and were not as clear as they could have been. In Egyptian hieroglyphics, an egg meant "child", and according to one translation, a beetle (*scaraboeus*) meant the "world" and a vulture meant "mother". One author's explanation of the Egyptians representing the idea "mother" as a pictograph of a vulture was that the Egyptians thought that there were no male vultures so that each vulture was a mother.

A modified form of the ancient writings developed just as the modern individual's handwriting is developing, becoming more refined and more easily executed. To save time, the Egyptians developed a form of cursive hieroglyphics that were suited for rapid writing on papyrus. According to the oldest traditions, script was invented in China by Ts'ang Chieh after he observed the footprints (chicken tracks?) and shadows of birds and animals.

Most of the early writings and today's Chinese are a form of sign-writing in which every meaning must have a symbol all to itself. The symbols in any early signwriting were countless. These symbols and their many combinations were virtually impossible to master, and so writing was left to certain trained specialists of the culture's aristocracy. From signwriting evolved sound writing, speech made visible. Then symbols represented the sound of syllables of spoken language, and finally, symbols, composing an alphabet, represented the units of sound that made up these syllables. Thus the alphabet and our form of sound writing was born. However, there are still remnants of sign-writing in our advanced civilization—the peace symbol and road

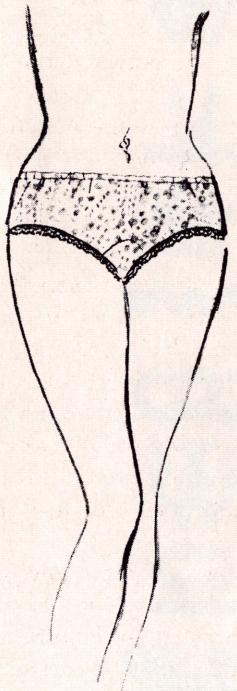




Newest Idea From
"THE UNDER-WORLD" . . .

FANCY PANTS

Disposable Panties For Women

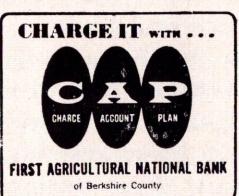


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DECEMBER 1968

signs showing the lay of the road ahead.

Man had invented writing for practical ends. Since writing at first was a painstaking and costly process, it was used sparingly, mainly to identify ownership of valuables, to record laws and contracts, and to commemorate significant events. In the Western world, as writing became cheaper and more generally practiced, all sorts of things (love notes and philosophy, for example) came to be written down, regardless of their practical value. Today, a very important kind of writing is that which entertains its readers. This essay, I hope, is a sample.

—Carol Pepperman

GEORGE'S TOMATO

AT VARIOUS TIMES throughout the school day, like when you're in study hall, or in gym, or walking in the halls, something in your head will snap and you will find yourself thinking, actually thinking, in the middle of a school day. You will find yourself thinking, "What a waste English grammar is and how much harder it is than it need be." It could be changed so that no student will ever have to think again during school.

The change will have to be a nationwide one, as well as a gradual, taking place over a period of many years.

In the first year, our schools and press should adopt a few major changes in the spelling of some of our more difficult words. This could be partially accomplished by eliminating the confusing "ph" and "gh" from words with the "f" sound, and substituting in its place the letter "f". This would make words like rouf, touf, fonetic, and elefant much

easier to spell. In the same step, we could change the troublesome "ou" to just plain "u", making the words ruf, tuf, and sup much simpler to spell and pronounce.

In the second year, I wud propose to rid the English language of all the cumbersome duble leters that make the English language twice as hard as it realy shud be. In this year also, we cud splurge and do away with al the silent leters. Nedles to sa, alredy we wud hav the foundation for a rely grat language sistem.

In the third yer, we cud replac the soft "c" sound with the leter "s". Along with this sam patern, we cud replas the hard "c" sound with "k". It gos without saing that skol children around the world wud aksept this with open harts.

In the forth yer, we kud replas "ch" with "tsh", thus eliminating the "c" from our language.

In the yers folowing, numerus tshangs kud be introdusud into our skol system. We kud very esily replas "y" with "i", sincs both leters sound the sam. Sincs this wud mak the leters "y" and "c" both obsolet, and sincs ther are mani mani tipriters that hav thes leters on them, we mit tri replasing "th" with "y" and "sh" with "c", cus turning "tsh" into "tc". Yis wud corten mani of our words konsiderabli. Next, we kud teang ye "ow" sound in words sutc as "round, sound, and foundation" to just plan "o".

Kariing on yis wa for yers and yers, we kan se ho or langwij wud hav developd into ye best in al histori. Tolstoy's "War and Pes" wud be redusd to a mer 78 pajes. Ye normal skol da wud be cortend to abot on or, mute to ye delit uv ye yungsters, and al ye grat literari geniuses wud be satisfid yat ye Englie languag is ye most perfect in al ye world.

—David Meacham

**Thomas Speaks
on BRET**

The creative force behind the production of *Androcles and the Lion* and future plays for Berkshire area junior high and high school students is Jurgen A. Thomas, director of The Berkshire Regional Educational Theater. Originally on the faculty of Miss Hall's School, Mr. Thomas became involved in the creation of BRET in a rather unique way. In the fall of 1966, when Milton Bass, author of *The Berkshire Eagle's* "Lively Arts" column, was away, Thomas replaced him. In his subsequent articles, Mr. Thomas tried to focus on local problems of a theatrical nature. He discovered that 95% of the American adult population had never viewed a live, professional performance of any kind. He had been taking Miss Hall's students to various Shakespearian and Greek classical performances, and the question occurred to him, why should a limited number of students be bussed to live performances when it would be possible to have the productions brought to the schools? The result of his questioning was a series of three articles under the "Lively Arts" column in *The Eagle* dealing with just this problem. Thomas received a call from Rolland Douval, then head of the regional office of the State Department of Education, who professed interest in developing Mr. Thomas's ideas further. It was found that money for a project of this kind might be obtained from a federal education bill, under Title III. Douval and Thomas decided to call a meeting, and "Before we knew it . . . who was going to write the proposal? They all set looking at me." Thomas did write most of the proposal, and the project was granted federal funds. However, Thomas asserts that,

"Without Douval, the project never would have gotten off the ground."

Just what is BRET trying to accomplish? "I'm not really sure anymore," says Mr. Thomas, meaning not that the original goal has been dropped, but that as the project begins to develop, new goals begin to evolve, and the men behind BRET hope that these can be accomplished also. Basically, the primary goal for BRET is threefold: 1) to bring live theater to those who have not yet had a chance to appreciate it, 2) to bring to live works that are studied in the classroom, as a teaching supplement, and 3) to develop students' critical judgment; to show what is good and what is bad. BRET is attempting to develop beyond a mere performance by assisting the actual teaching of the play in the classroom, through comprehensive study guides and other equipment. The future performance of *Death of a Salesman*, for example, will be supplemented in class with a 30-minute tape recording with the play's author, Arthur Miller.

A good year's program would, in Mr. Thomas's opinion, include one Greek or Shakespearian classic, one "contemporary classic," and one play for the "theatricality of it". Their first and most recent production, *Androcles and the Lion*, falls into the last category.

BRET's next production will be a presentation of *Macbeth*, which Mr. Thomas promises will be a strictly classical production, with no "psychedelic lighting or mini-skirted Lady Macbeths." It will be presented "just as it was written," and promises to be "a different kind of experience" from *Androcles*. *Death of a Salesman* also will be presented primarily as it was intended to be. Says Thomas, "People are reading the play in the classroom, and we're going to show it to them."

Obviously, directing a project like BRET is no easy matter, especially while it is still in its early stages; and the project is beset with many problems. One problem is that of establishing a stronger coordination between BRET and the classroom, getting teachers to use the study materials available from BRET, making people aware of the potential in the supplementary material. Thomas believes that this problem will be taken care of eventually, noting that some teachers have been taking the time to offer constructive suggestions, surely a hopeful sign.

An especially big problem, one which might not be so easily erased as the first, is one of finances. Although the project was originally granted \$120,000 for a three-year period, these funds have been cut back to approximately \$97,000; Thomas feels that BRET will have enough money to finance *Macbeth*, but not enough for *Death of a Salesman*. A favorable response to *Macbeth*, then, will be vital if BRET is to continue. If received favorably, *Macbeth* might produce future appropriations with which other plays can be financed—possibly from some kind of state grant, or even a federal grant from some source other than Title III. Furthermore, if BRET suffers unsolvable financial troubles, The Berkshire Theater Festival, which plans to produce all future BRET plays, might be persuaded to take over the project entirely. This possibility would be fine with Mr. Thomas; this would simply prove what he has believed all along—that BRET is a very worthwhile undertaking. Title III actually sponsors this type of educational program more or less as a pilot program, hoping that if it proves successful, some other sponsor will take it over. Says Thomas of the project's federal grant, "The government

calls it "seed money" . . . if someone will take us over soon—fine."

The final problem Mr. Thomas mentioned is one which he is sure will be absent in the production of *Macbeth*. The set for *Androcles and the Lion* took three and one half hours to set up, and one and one half to tear down; Thomas would like to see the whole business taken care of in 45 minutes. He also felt the show was too big and too heavy. *Macbeth*, he claims, will be "lightly and ingeniously constructed." It will be the "most fundamental kind of set" with the basic lighting, costumes and "a little Elizabethan music". And he added, "The custodians won't even know we've been there."

Whether or not the custodians will have known they've been there remains to be seen, but it is unlikely that anyone else will be in doubt. BRET seems determined to leave its mark.

—Judy Linscott

CAPABLE OF HONOR

Capable of Honor, by Allen Drury, is the third novel in a tetralogy dealing with events of national and international politics. The first book in this tetralogy was Pulitzer Prize-Winning *Advise and Consent*. In that excellently written novel, Drury introduces us to the main characters whose lives and fortunes are followed through the rest of the series. Minor characters make their entrances and exits as do real people. *Advise and Consent* is concerned with political battles over a presidential nominee for Secretary of State, culminating in a powerful Senate debate.

A Shade of Difference, following the fates of those introduced in *Advise and Consent*, and introducing others, deals with international politics and America's image and policies abroad. The fourth, *Preserve and Protect*, has been published recently.

Using a well established fictional world, Drury sets his third book in a year of a presidential election. His emphasis, though, is not on presidential candidates but on the influence of the press, called "Walter's world" after one of the main characters who is of great influence. Drury is rather cynical. He indicates strongly that the press would rather portray America in the worst light possible without being outright treasonous. He points out that all too often the headlines will shout something like "World Denounces U.S. Aggression". Indeed, aren't there often front page stories of foreign countries attacking U.S. policies?

Drury says there are also the inevitable stories about pitiful refugees fleeing from the fighting of an American war in some far-off country. (Gorotoland in the novel . . . Vietnam in reality.)

The novel is rather shocking, but it does seem to have some truth in it. Don't we more often see pictures of accidentally wounded refugees than war wounded American soldiers? One wonders, though, if the news reported is only the bad news

because of the cynicism of the press, or if the news is only bad. It would appear, though, that Drury's cynical attitude towards the press is well founded. We do more often read the bad news, and see the violence than we hear or see of the good.

Drury's implications of concerted effort and high echelon plotting to present distorted news may be exaggerated, but maybe only because of his deep feelings.

He certainly must be congratulated on producing an intriguing, full and intimate view of national and world politics and keen, searching insights into the people who make news and the people who write it.

—Carl Greenberg

New Face—Frank Zappa

Many groups have come out of California, and many writers have emerged with them. One of the California based groups is the Mothers Of Invention. One writer who has emerged with them is Frank Zappa.

Frank Zappa (by the looks of him) is, "one of those weird, acid head Hippies who smoke Pot and endorse everything." But he is someone to whom we should listen. The lyrics to his songs are funny, truthful, and tend to bring out what is psychologically wrong with him and the adult world.

DECEMBER 1968

A great effort was put into his album entitled *We're Only in it for the Money*. The album cover is copied from the Beatles' "Sgt. Peppers" album, (only inside out). On the front and back of the album the seven Mothers are seen dressed as women. The inside, (since it is a two fold album) contains the words to the songs on the left, and a picture of the Mothers and company on the right.

When you have listened to the record for the first time all the way through you realize that the whole thing consists of nonsense. Zappa's lyrics pulsate with the basic theme of his life and the lives of all.

I found that the lyrics of Mom & Dad:
Mama! Mama!

Someone said they made some noise
The cops have shot some girls & boys
You'll sit home & drink all night
They looked too weird . . . it served
them right . . .

are the only ones that have a serious place in the whole album. The music echo's Zappa's atmosphere of "why?"

Zappa has put rebellion on a record. Hippie life and "Flower Power" are shown to be just as corrupt as the established world they are fighting against.

On the whole the record and Zappa are an experience to which we should listen. Frank Zappa should not be taken lightly.

Donald Gagnon

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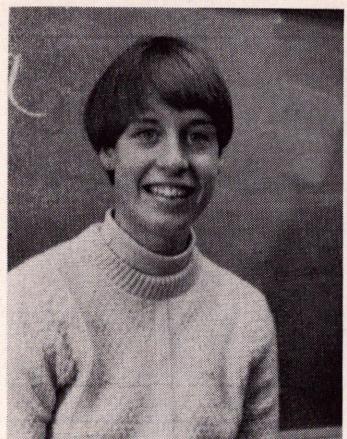
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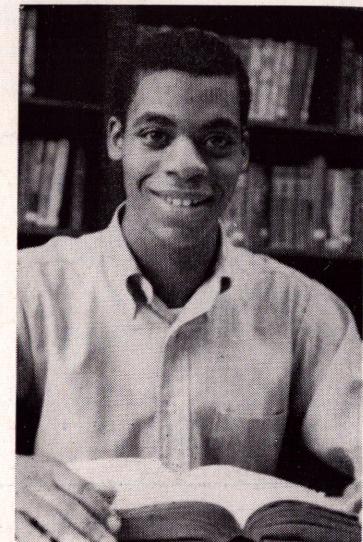
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**LINDA KLEMANSKI**

Linda Klemanski, more popularly known as "Klem," is the energetic president of the G.A.A. and a member and representative of the Pep Club. Some of her extracurricular activities include after school sports, Cadettes and positions as the vice president of her Tri-Hi-Y Club, and a homeroom representative. She is on the Features Staff of the *Student's Pen* and the Advertising Staff of the *In General*. This year Klem is co-chairman of the Lobby and Graduation Decorating Committee. She is enrolled in the C.P. curriculum and would like to attend either Springfield College or Westfield State and to major in Physical Education.

**CAROL PEPPERMAN**

As Editor-in-Chief of *The Student's Pen*, Carol Pepperman is one of the busiest students at Pittsfield High. Enrolled in the College Prep curriculum with A.P. English, she is a National Merit semi-finalist, a junior member of the National Honor Society, and a member of the Writers and Illustrators and the Pep Club. In her spare time, Carol enjoys writing commercials for WJA, a Junior Achievement radio company.

**MARVIN KENNEDY**

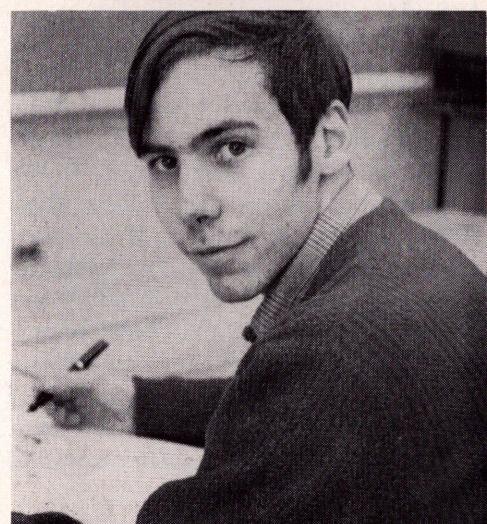
The Student Council is led this year by Marvin Kennedy, a student familiar to most of us at Pittsfield High. Although this position keeps Marvin very busy, he finds time to serve as a cochairman of the Special Events Committee. Marvin is also a delegate for the United Students Fund and an energetic member of the Pep Club. Enrolled in the College Preparatory curriculum, Marvin hopes to attend Howard University and to specialize in either law or political science.

LAURA LEON

This year the Pittsfield High Debating Club is led by a very capable senior, Laura Leon. Enrolled in the C.P. curriculum with A.P. English and Math, Laura received a Letter of Commendation this year. When she is not involved in church activities or leading the Debating Club, Laura is kept busy as Vice President of the United Students' Fund Committee and Short Story Editor of *The Student's Pen*. Although she has no definite plans as to where she would like to go to college, Laura hopes to major in Math.

**RICK RUSSO**

This year's Pep Club President, Rick Russo, is hardly a new face since he has been the Pep Club Representative for the past two years. He has been a member of both the basketball and baseball teams for three years and is now a co-captain of the basketball team. In the future, Rick hopes to go into business administration at either Syracuse University or Notre Dame. This past summer Rick kept busy with American Legion Baseball, as well as being a sports director for the Park's Department. When not busy with school, Rick can be found at the CYC "reffing" basketball games.

**PAUL DECELLES**

Paul Decelles is the talented senior co-chairman of Writers and Illustrators, an extremely active club which produces many of our fine lobby displays. Paul is in the College Prep curriculum and takes A.P. Biology. In spite of his busy schedule, he manages to hold a part-time job at Miller Supply. Paul hopes to attend either Syracuse or Cornell University and to major in Zoology.



Another Team for P.H.S.

The Pittsfield High Debating Club has been the medium for many a fight and truce. President this year is Laura Leon and the secretary is Sally Dupuis. The team, consisting of five seniors and eleven juniors, has won many debates this year. Our team belongs to the Berkshire Forensic League, whose tournaments are held twice a month.

The team consists of an A and B line. The A line is composed of debators who represent the affirmative. The B line stands for the negative point of view. Debators are marked on delivery, analysis and cross examination on a basis of one to five points. The proposition this year is "that the U.S. should establish a system of compulsory service for all citizens."

All the members of the club agree that debating is a lot of fun and helps them a great deal in public speaking. It also aids in logical thinking, in supporting statements with evidence, and in quick thinking. Students are urged to join and support this team of rising fame.

—Jan Brickly

Intercom System

At first glance, you would wonder how anyone could ever learn to run such a complex system of knobs and switches. For Mr. Murphy, the intercom system is a definite necessity. It is very helpful in the early morning in bringing information to students, and it would be vital in emergencies. It adds to the school's efficiency, but like all new things, it has its faults. Some can hear it, and some can't. This should be rectified in the near future. It is an excellent means of getting in touch with both students and teachers. As when BRET was here, Mr. Murphy was able to contact different sections of the school at different times to avoid confusion in entering the audi-

torium. Mr. Murphy can contact one room, one floor, or the entire school. Even the teachers room can be "tuned in on." The intercom was the idea of the school department and other officials in an effort to bring all schools up to date. As for students' opinions:

Bob Hickey: It's used too little and I can't hear it

Karen Forsgard: Should have been used on spirit day to boost enthusiasm

Larry Doust: Convenient, but used too little

Jim Bagdonas: Used too little, Mr. Murphy has a fine speaking voice and should use it more on the intercom.

—Jill Marmorek

Student Council

With the start of every school year, twenty students (10 Seniors, 6 Juniors, 4 Sophomores) are elected by their fellow students to represent the entire student body as members of the Student Council. Of these, five are elected as officers to help keep order and organization during the meetings. This year's president-elect is Marvin Kennedy, a Senior; Vice-President—Paul Massimiano, a Junior; Secretary—Barb Briggs, a Junior; Assistant Secretary—Connie Greene, a Sophomore; and Treasurer—Anne Hill, A Senior. The remaining members are Dave Williams, Jim Bagdonas, Jack Shea, Dave Carlon, Pat Curd, Cindy Schultz, Peggy Sharland and Judy Wildman (Seniors). Randy Rocca, Micky Lefkowitz, Cheryl Bond, and Kathy Mangiardi make up the Juniors. Barb Finn, Chris Jacoby and Don Troy represent the Sophomores. Mr. Fox faithfully attends each meeting as their adviser.

Among the plans in the "idea stage" are a Thanksgiving Dance and Winter Carnival. These events are organized for the enjoyment of all students of P.H.S.

—Marianne Curd

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Football

What might have proved to be a disappointing season for our football team, actually turned out to be nothing less than encouraging. Our final tilt resulted in P.H.S. finishing the season in a blaze of glory in a 19-0 victory over rival St. Joseph High. The victory gave Pittsfield its 31st city championship in the series against 11 for the Crusaders. The game had a turnout estimated at 4,500. Although both teams went into the contest with just one win apiece, the spirit and enthusiasm of the spectators and players was as high as if they were both battling for the Class A Championship (which the Generals won a year ago). Through most of the game, glimpses of 1967 were present. Having unfortunately lost 22 lettermen from our squad of last year, Coach Joe Gleason made the comment that the team was a little green.

Senior standouts all season long and especially in the season's finale, were co-captain and quarterback Jim Bagdonas, cocaptain and linebacker Tony Parise, linebacker Al Barbarotta, defensive end Mark Reynolds and defensive tackle Jim Lovejoy, who also played at offensive center. Bagdonas scored two of P.H.S.'s three touchdowns against St. Joe's on runs of one and 29 yards. Two defensive standouts found in St. Joe's backfield all afternoon were Parise and Barbarotta. Reynolds, who also did place-kicking, and Lovejoy were the backbone of the defensive line. Juniors Ed Paris and Dave Pierce and running backs Greg Pittman and Bob Skowron added to the work of the seniors. Parise scored the final P.H.S. touchdown on a recovered fumble in St. Joe's end zone while he and Pierce also turned back many end sweeps.

The Generals' ground attack, which netted 121 yards, had stalwarts Pitt-

man, Skowron and sophomore Tim Isabel. The defense had to be considered the dominating factor through most of the first half.

Many felt that the field conditions could have been the cause for the 6-0 halftime score. The playing surface was soggy in the middle and on the western side, with the rest relatively dry.

Pittsfield finished in fifth place in the conference with a 2-4 mark, and 2-6 overall. The important fact still remains that a "new season" began with our final victory, a season we believe can continue through next year.

—Dave Crea

Our Boys on Ice

This month starts another season for our great P.H.S. Hockey Team. Coach Frank Blowe will be on leave again this year, so Carl Moffatt will take over the squad for his second consecutive time.

Coach Moffatt feels that because of the Wright Division that the team competes in, all the teams are going to be tough competitors. He sights Chicopee and Springfield Tech as the team's biggest rivals.

Last year saw the hockey team end its season with 12 wins, 2 losses, and 2 ties. The team was eliminated after its loss in the first game of the Western Mass. tournament. Ludlow, which gave PHS its 2 losses last year, doesn't pose much of a threat this year, Coach Moffatt feels.

Last year also saw an unbelievable Gene Fitzgerald break the league goal record of 35, by scoring 37 goals. Because of his outstanding performance, Gene has been selected this year's captain. Other returning scorers are alternate co-captains Neil Eddy and Dave Toomey. Coach Moffatt is expecting great things from these boys.

Practice officially began on December 3rd. Coach Moffatt foresees many bright prospects among those Sophomores going out for the team; among them are Gary Fitzgerald, Mike Murphy, Don Troy, and Jay Collins.

One of the greatest letdowns to the team is the attendance at the games. Few realize the action and excitement involved in each game. There is as much excitement in each league game as there was in the Student-Faculty Hockey game.

The first game of the season is December 21, against Ludlow at the Boys Club. Let's see all you who came to the Student-Faculty game be there to cheer your team to victory!

—Larry Rice

Generals on the Court

The Pittsfield High School basketball team has a new coach this year. He is Dr. Robert Coakley, a guidance teacher. Dr. Coakley is a young and anxious coach, with plenty of know-how and lots of spirit. However, he has not yet had the chance to practice with his team because the basketball schedule has been moved two weeks later than usual this year. Even so, Dr. Coakley does see a lot of potential in the Pittsfield High team and he expects a first division finish for the Generals.

Looking at the team, we find the two co-captains, Rick Russo and Leon Kelly returning to top spots on the starting line-up. Leon, along with senior Kevin O'Donnell, is expected to lead the team in scoring. Rick Russo is going to be the great moving force in setting up strategic plays. Two other seniors, Tom Ryan and Larry Daoust, are expected to be among the high scorers also. Two new faces, Jeff Johnson and Bill Hover, may find starting positions for themselves in

the 68-69 season. Bill is a promising junior. Jeff, a fine rebounder, is a sophomore.

The team has had no official practice as of yet; however, about twelve players are contending for varsity positions. The boys have been participating in scrimmages at the Y.M.C.A. and have proven victorious over opposing teams.

As far as regular season opposition goes, the Generals can expect a rough league to face. Mount Greylock is definitely the team to beat, with Adams another formidable opponent. Drury has returned with all of last year's starting line-up, posing a threat to other less experienced challengers. The game most fans in Pittsfield will be waiting for is the city title fight between Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's, and this game promises to be a squeaker.

In closing, we would like to show you the words of wisdom from the mouths of babes (in this case Rick Russo is the babe) in reference to our basketball team—"We'll never get shutout!"

—Steve Jaffe
—Mike Dessereau

Volleyball

For the past few Tuesdays and Wednesdays, from 1:30 until 2:30, junior and senior members of the G.A.A. have participated in after-school volleyball. Because of double sessions at the high school, sophomores are not able to compete. The round-robin games will be held at the Pittsfield Girls Club because the P.H.S. girls' gym is not available. Varsity Junior and Senior teams will be chosen, and each member of the winning varsity team will receive a letter.

Miss Jean Morgan and Mrs. Cheryl Roosa, physical education teachers, are in charge of the volleyball games.

—Judy Smith

Jay-Vee Cheerleaders Chosen

On October 21 and 23 came the climax of four weeks of hard practice, sore muscles, and hoarse voices for the Junior girls trying out for the positions on the Jay-Vee Cheerleading squad of 1968-1969. During the four weeks of practice, the candidates practiced under the supervision of the Varsity Cheerleaders, who coached them on their form. Nine happy girls, Donna Delaney, Mary Giansericusa, Pam Potter, Sue Senger, Gail Simeno, Polly Steele, Candy Vacchina, Patty Wooldridge, and Joyce Wilks, out of the 43 who tried out, were recently rewarded for their efforts. The new Jay-Vee Cheerleaders are now practicing in preparation for their first game in December.

—Joan Halperin

Field Hockey Ends for Year

The championship girls' field hockey game came to an end with the seniors downing the juniors 7-1 and 6-2. The usually sweet and simple girls were boyish devils on the field. The juniors put up a good fight, but senior experience paid off and won for the seniors a varsity letter. Captained by Barb Green and Mad Carnevale, the rest of the team included Linda Klemanski, Sue Russell, Martha Mlynarczyk, Liz Mills, Anna Baltazar, Pat Curd, Linda Del Gallo, and Barb Huban.

Vicki Makes, Sharon Hardesty, Debbi Eames, Diane Pictrowski, Chris Selin, Terri Pink, Donna Pivero, Barb Briggs, Ann Previtali, Sue Hardesty, Janey Lyons, and Carol Shepardson were members of the junior team.

We would like to thank Mrs. Cheryl Roosa and Miss Jean Morgan for all the help they have given us.

DECEMBER 1968

Modern Dance Classes Begin

For the second year, modern dance classes are being held at the high school. About 40 girls attend the classes, taught by Miss Sally Holroyd.

Many of the girls who first came to the classes thought that this would be a good chance to take part in a sport that is not too strenuous. How wrong they were! The girls do a variety of exercises, many of which strengthen and tighten the muscles. They also perform routines to music in order to exercise the muscles. The complete lesson takes one hour, yielding sore, stiff girls. The work is hard, but results in trimmer, more graceful girls.

Rain

Falling gently down
Soundlessly throughout the night,
Rain cleanses the earth.

—Susan Shufelt

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**Spirit Weekend
A Complete Success**

This year's spirit weekend was a success in more than one way, it helped raise a tremendous amount of spirit for the P.H.S.-St. Joe football game and spurred the team on to victory.

The activities started on Friday morning with a rally for the football team. There were the usual cut-up skits about the Crusaders' team. Then Coach Joe Gleason made the announcement that he was disregarding the past season, and according to him, the 1969 season was to open on Monday with the game against the Crusaders. It was a successful opening game.

That night in the student-faculty hockey game, the faculty beat the students by a very small margin. Both teams played well, with Mr. Broderick as high scorer with two goals for the

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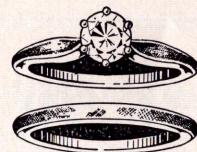


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faculty and Dean Nikitas also with two for the students. Approximately five hundred people attended.

The hockey game was followed by the bonfire, which was witnessed by a large crowd. The co-captains Tony Parise and Jim Bagdonas publicly stated their optimistic views of Monday's game.

The rally dance Saturday night helped to restore any enthusiasm which might have been lost during the day. The music was supplied by the Purple Haze. Students from both P.H.S. and St. Joe supported their respective teams and ridiculed their opponents. Both Dave "Lumpy" Williams and Girard Downing did a good job for their schools, all in fun of course. The posters helped to set the mood for the rally dance. The St. Joe cheerleaders showed their great strength and enthusiasm as they beat our cheerleaders in the annual tug-of-war.

The last of the spirit activities was the rally in front of the school and the parade down North Street on Monday. At the rally "Lumpy" Williams, Rick Russo, and others from the crowd aroused enthusiasm for the game with their speeches. About an hour after the rally had started the parade began to march with the P.H.S. Generals in the lead. Yes, all of this spirit paid off as the Generals beat the Crusaders, 19-0.

But, without the help of Mayor Butler, Mr. Murphy, the Police and Fire Departments, the Boys' Club, the Student Council, the Pep Club, the cheerleaders, the Cadettes, and all the students of P.H.S., Spirit Day would not have been the success it was.

—Ray Goodrich
—Randy Rocca

EXCHANGE

DECEMBER 1968

Paw Prints

Arkansas City Sr. High School
Arkansas City, Kansas

heaven

do you want to go to heaven?
yes is the answer
do you want to die?
no is the answer
everybody wants to go to heaven
but nobody wants to die.

Frank M. Staro

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Mind Blown Dapple

If all my thoughts were written down
a single match could destroy my mind
or a gust of wind could blow them to a
puddle
and in the water they would fade.



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AND

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The Mad Mad Cola



Acorn

Jefferson Senior High
Roanoke, Virginia

The Pickle

A pickle is a marvelous invention,
whether on purpose or without intention.
Its introduction met with contention,
and yet, it met the standards of conven-
tion.

Soother of frustration, a bite of real
nutrition.
The pickle is indeed a marvelous inven-
tion.

Tempestates

Vere malus superata
Rursus crescere incipit.
Frondes gemmantes et flores albi
Sunt signum laetum vitae moventis.

Aestate, nunc, arbor contemplatur
Menses, calides et semisomnos.
Mala crescentia et frondes clarae et virides
In sole apricantur et pluviam exhausti-
unt.

Autumno, ubi ventus valide flat,
Mala nunc sunt matura.
Fulgore viridi et rubro stat arbor,
Annuo labore suo bene facta.

Hieme, malus nuda stat,
Nunc ferens nec frondes nec fructus.
Mundus eam circumiacet in nive et
frigore,
Sed vere, vita resurget.

—*Margaret Flowers*

Parler

Il s'est mis a parler
puis il s'est tu.
Il a regarde son pere
mais son pere a detourne ses regards.
Il voulait lui parler, lui expliquer
mais les mots se sont eteints dans sa
gorge.
Il a regarde son pere de nouveau.
Puis il est parti.
Et tout etait silence . . .

—*Pam Metzler*

Le Manque de Communication

C'est peut-etre le manque de communications qui est notre premier probleme national. On peut croire que c'est celui du racisme, mais le racisme, n'est-il seulement un manque de communication entre les noirs et les blancs, entre les Irlandais et les Allemands, ou entre les Italiens et les Polonais? Avant qu'on ne puisse arriver a une solution a ce probleme, on doit trouver une solution a celui de la communication. Il faut d'abord qu'on essaie de comprendre les besoins des autres, et pour faire ca, on doit preter l'oreille aussi bien que parler.

Apres avoir ecoute davantage, on peut comprendre davantage, et une fois cela fait, on peut extirper ses problemes—non seulement ceux du racisme, mais aussi ceux qui separent les jeunes des plus ages, ceux qui causent une guerre, et ceux qui sont la cause des conflits familiaux aussi bien que des conflits nationaux.

Tous ces problemes peuvent etre extirper si on fait disparaitre le premier probleme—la manque de communications.

—*Pam Metzler*

Mensaje

Que veo yo sobre tu cara?
Este amor, delito, o infamia?
Vives en un mundo de aversion y miedo,
Y cuando yo hablo tu no oyes.

Por favor—
Digame porque siempre lloras
Y porque siempre bates
Cuando no hay realmente una diferencia
Entre blanco y negro.

—*Patricia Ann Hyde*



Diane Kurjan

Haiku

The arbor of grapes
Sweet-smelling, shady, quiet . . .
Does not time fleet by?

—*Madeline Carnevale*

Dehors, dans la nuit, il y a un vent affreux. La bise rage comme un monstre contre les murs de notre petite cabine. Il crie d'un ton aigu et la montagne fait echo. La neige tombe furieusement. La nuit nous entoure et nous enveloppe du froid terrible qui glace toutes les branches des arbres du bois. La lune brille toute seule dans le ciel gele. Le vent gemit encore, plus discordant qu'auparavant.

Mais dedans, un feu vif flamboie et sa lumiere remplit de joie toute notre cabine. Nos ombres dansent autour de nous sur les murs comme des marionnettes. Nous nous asseyons pres de ce feu chaud. Dans un coin, certaines de nous, nous chantons doucement. Les murs tremblent sous la bise, mais nous ne l'entendons pas du tout. Une petite etoile apparait dans le ciel sombre et tout sourit. Securite.

—*Ceci Hermann*

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The Christian Center

One of the most beneficial social service projects in the Pittsfield area is the Christian Center. Under the direction of Lamar Clark, its purpose is to serve the needs of the community. It does this through self-help programs and various other activities which assist the less fortunate people in the city in finding direction in their lives. Most of the people affected by the Christian Center are children, teenagers and adults who have been overlooked by other organizations in the city.

As director of "expanded programs," Lamar Clark is responsible for instituting some of the more interesting programs of the Christian Center. For example, right now, he is trying to set up a community newspaper. This would be a publication directed right to the people. Most of the articles would be of a type not normally found in a newspaper in that they would be about or by various individuals in the poorer community.

This project and other programs which are geared to show these people the outside world are in need of help and ideas. Mr. Clark feels that the Christian Center would provide teenagers with a chance to know first-hand the social problems in Pittsfield. He stresses that there is a need for ideas—not just a will to get involved. If you have any ideas for the betterment of the community but don't know how to put them to use, the Christian Center is an excellent place for you.

—Laura Leon

P.H.S. Quotes from Hamlet

"Peace! Break thee off! Look where it comes again."

Translation—Keep quiet, here comes the teacher.

"By heaven I charge thee speak!"

Translation—What's your excuse for being late this time?

"I'll cross it, though it blast me."

Translation—I'm going to get through that lobby if it kills me.

"I think it lacks of twelve."

Translation—Only another hour and I can go home.

"And still your fingers on your lips, I pray."

Translation—Don't tell the other class the test questions.

"O, there has been much throwing about of brains."

Translation—There's a lot of cheating going on.

"Is not parchment made of sheepskins?"

Translation—How are we supposed to write on this paper?

"Tis in my memory locked."

Translation—Studying the night before a test.

"Then we'll shift our ground."

Translation—We're out of here.

"And each particular hair stand to end."

Translation—One reaction from first look at report card.

"All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past."

Translation—Accepted at the college of your choice.

"A document of madness."

Translation—Your term paper was horrible!

"Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge!"

Translation—An appointment with Mr. Murphy.

"But truly I do fear it."

Translation—Day of the S.A.T.

"What, has though appear'd again tonight?"

Translation—Are you taking my daughter out again?

"Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst."

Translation—Hope for an A, but expect a B.

"Within these ten days if that thou best found so near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it."

Translation—Smoking on the mall is prohibited and punishable by suspension.

"Be not offended. I speak not as in absolute fear of you."

Translation—I'm sorry Mr. Gleason, but you just don't scare me.

"Wormwood, wormwood."

Translation—The desks and chairs at P.H.S.

"How comes it? Do they grow rusty?"

Translation—My locker is stuck again.

"My Lord, I have news to tell you."

Translation—Attention, all teachers, all students, in all classes.

"Arm'd you say . . . From top to toe?"

Translation—P.H.S. General football team.

E. H. Thomas

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Casey's Last Letter

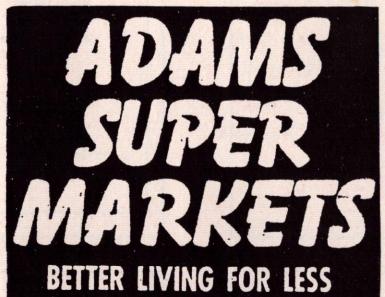
Well folks, I regret to tell you that this is the last letter you will ever read from me, Sean O'Casey.

I've been writing and snooping since 1959, and I feel that P.H.S. students have suffered long enough. So my dear students of Pittsfield High School, you no longer have to cringe when the "Pen" comes out, and you no longer have to try to hide from me, for I will no longer be spying in the hallowed halls.

I'm sorry I cannot reveal my next high school, but alas, that would warn my next victims. P.H.S. students have been the core of my column for many years, and a change might be profitable to my career.

In conclusion, my dear friends (and enemies), I would like to say goodbye

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